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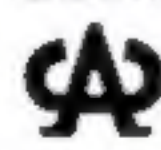
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CONCLUDING *THE ORIGIN OF*

# SPIDER-MAN

## 2099





STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# SPIDER-MAN 2099



THOU ART AN  
ENEMY OF THE  
HARBINGER OF  
THOR!

THAT MAKES THEE  
OUR ENEMY AS  
WELL!

PREPARE TO  
BE THOROUGHLY  
SMITED!

GET BACK,  
YOU IDIOTS!  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DEALING  
WITH!

BUT I KNEW, I KNEW  
WHAT VENTURE WAS  
CAPABLE OF.  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE  
THOSE THORITES POPPED  
OUT FROM. THE CITY SEEMS  
TO BE CRAWLING WITH  
THEM LATELY. BUT I KNEW  
THAT IF THEY TRIED TO SLUG  
IT OUT WITH VENTURE,  
THAT THERE WOULD BE...

GETTING  
ALL THIS,  
LYLA?

OF COURSE,  
MIGUEL. I'M IN  
FULL RECORD  
MODE.

**'NOTHING  
GAINED.'**

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RICK PARKER  
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TOM DEFALCO  
ALCHEMAX C.E.O.



AT THAT POINT, I WAS JUST TRYING TO THROW VENTURE OFF THE SCENT...



... THE SCENT THAT WOULD HAVE LED STRAIGHT TO ME IF I'D LET IT.



INSTEAD, THOSE IDIOT THOR WORSHIPPERS GOT IN THE WAY, AND...

... IT WAS HORRIBLE.



I CAN KEEP THIS JUGGLING ACT GOING ALL DAY, SON.



'LESS IT BORES ME.

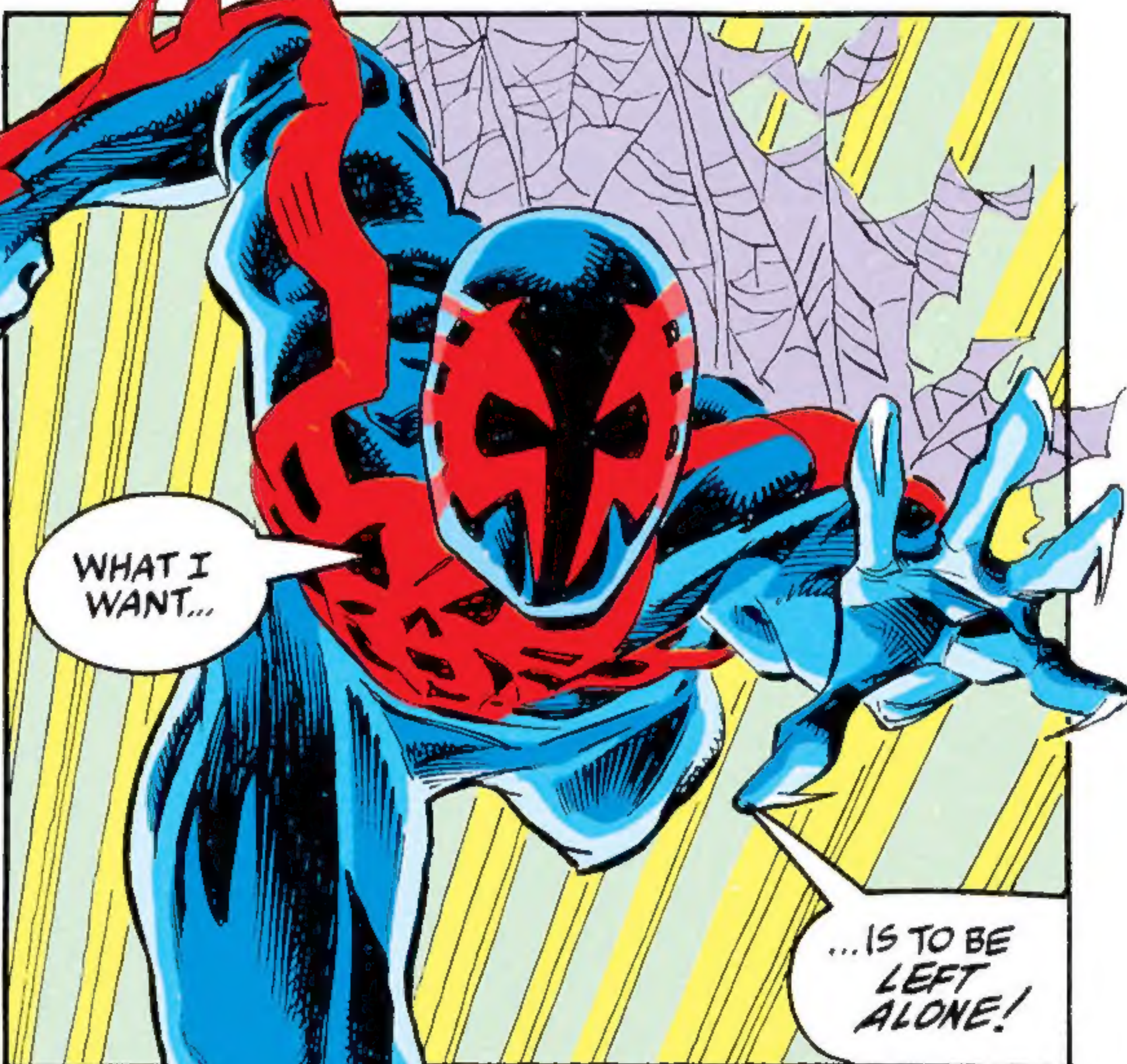
THEN PEOPLE START DYING.

EEYYAAAH!





YOU WANT THEIR DEATHS ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, SON? MAYBE YOU CAN LIVE WITH IT... BUT THEY CAN'T.



WHAT I WANT...

...IS TO BE LEFT ALONE!



AAARRHH!

YOU'VE GOT GUTS, SON. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

BUT YOU'VE GOT NO STYLE. NO EXPERIENCE.

AND NO CHANCE.



ALCHEMAX WANTS YOUR BLACK-CLAD BUTT, AND I'M HERE TO BRING IT TO THEM. IF YOU WANT TO MAKE THIS TOUGH, IT'S ONLY GOING TO BE TOUGH ON YOU.

HE'S...HE'S RIGHT. HIS ROD'S NERVE-NUMBED MY RIGHT ARM... AND HE'S JUST GETTING STARTED!



THIS IS *INSANE*. THE LAST TIME I WAS IN A SERIOUS FIGHT, I WAS SIX YEARS OLD... AND I GOT CLOBBERED.

AND NOW I'M TRYING TO SLUG IT OUT WITH ALCHEMAX'S NUMBER ONE HIRED CYBORG? WHAT WAS I *THINKING*?!?

WELL... "SPIDER-MAN?"

IN THE NAME OF THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, I--

SHUT UP, KID! I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU!

IN FACT, YOU'RE SUCH A WASTE OF PROTOPLASM, I DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL BENEFIT FROM TALKING TO YOU.

GRRRHH!

IN CASE YOU THOUGHT I WAS *KIDDING*, SPIDER-MAN...

I DON'T KID. AND I DON'T SCARE. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU CAN SAY THE SAME. I CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR FROM HERE, AND YOU'RE *SMART* TO BE SCARED.

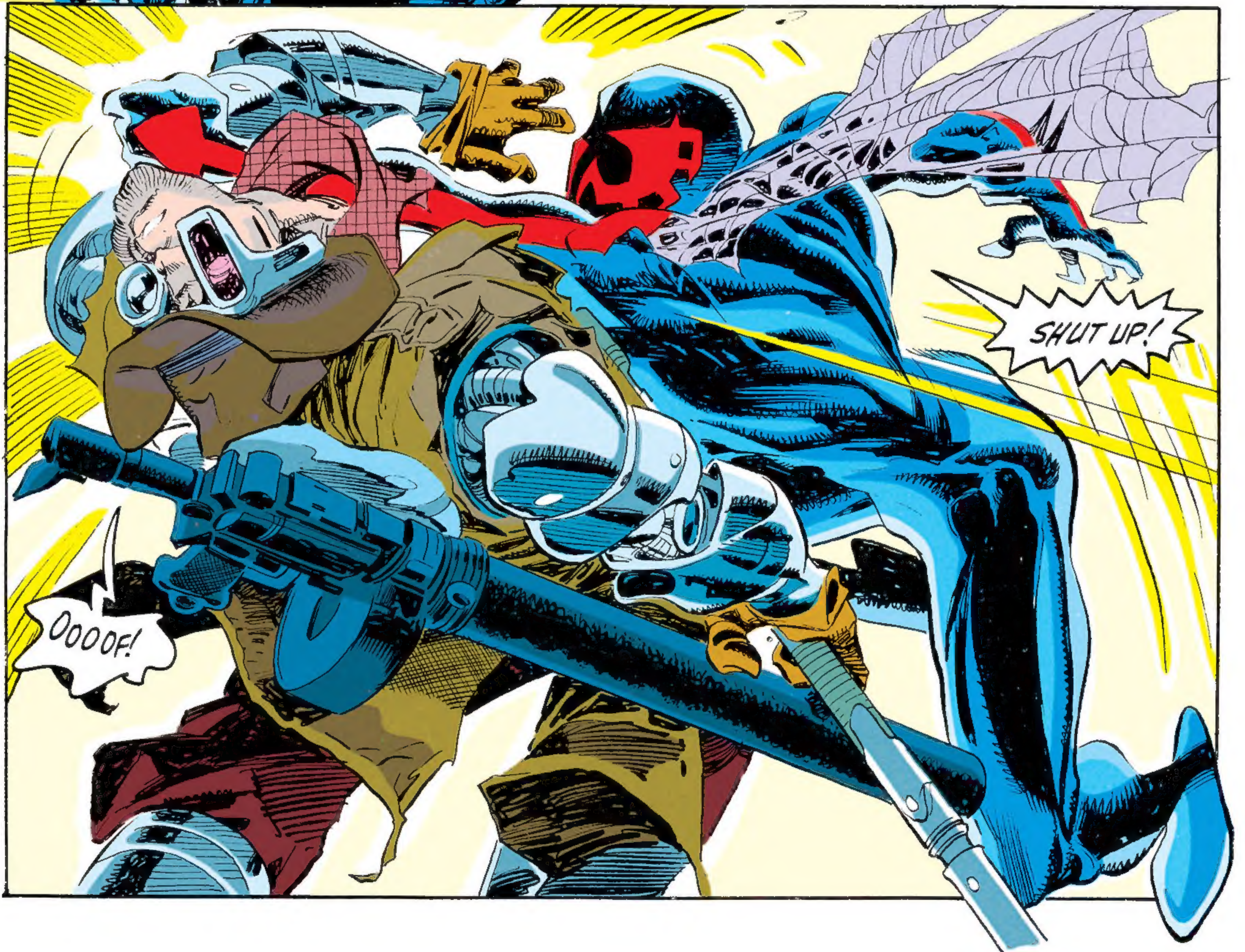
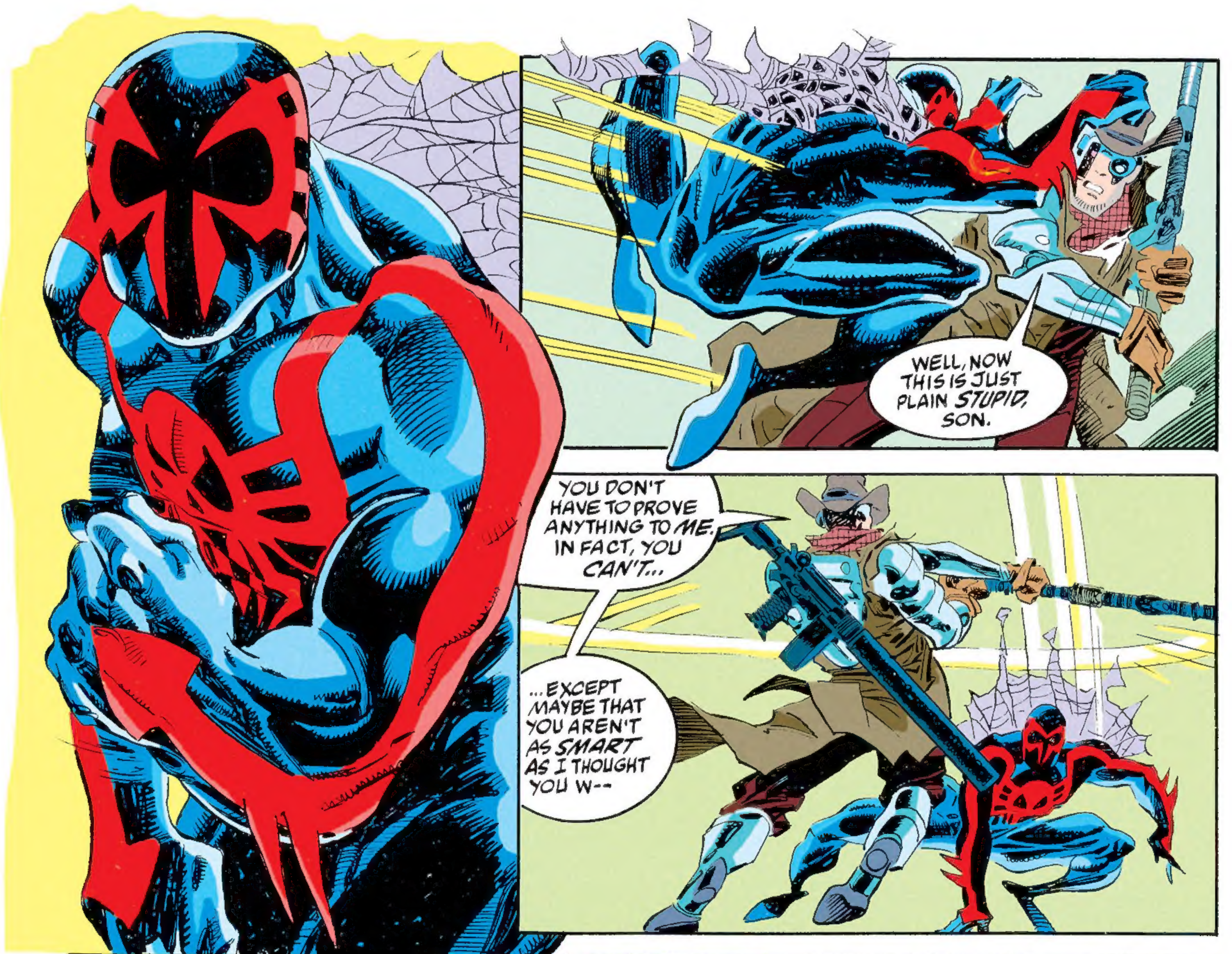
BALDER'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD! THE FIRST SIGN OF THE END IS UPON US!

HEY, KILL ONE OF YOU OR *ALL* OF YOU... MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME. I'M ON OVERTIME.

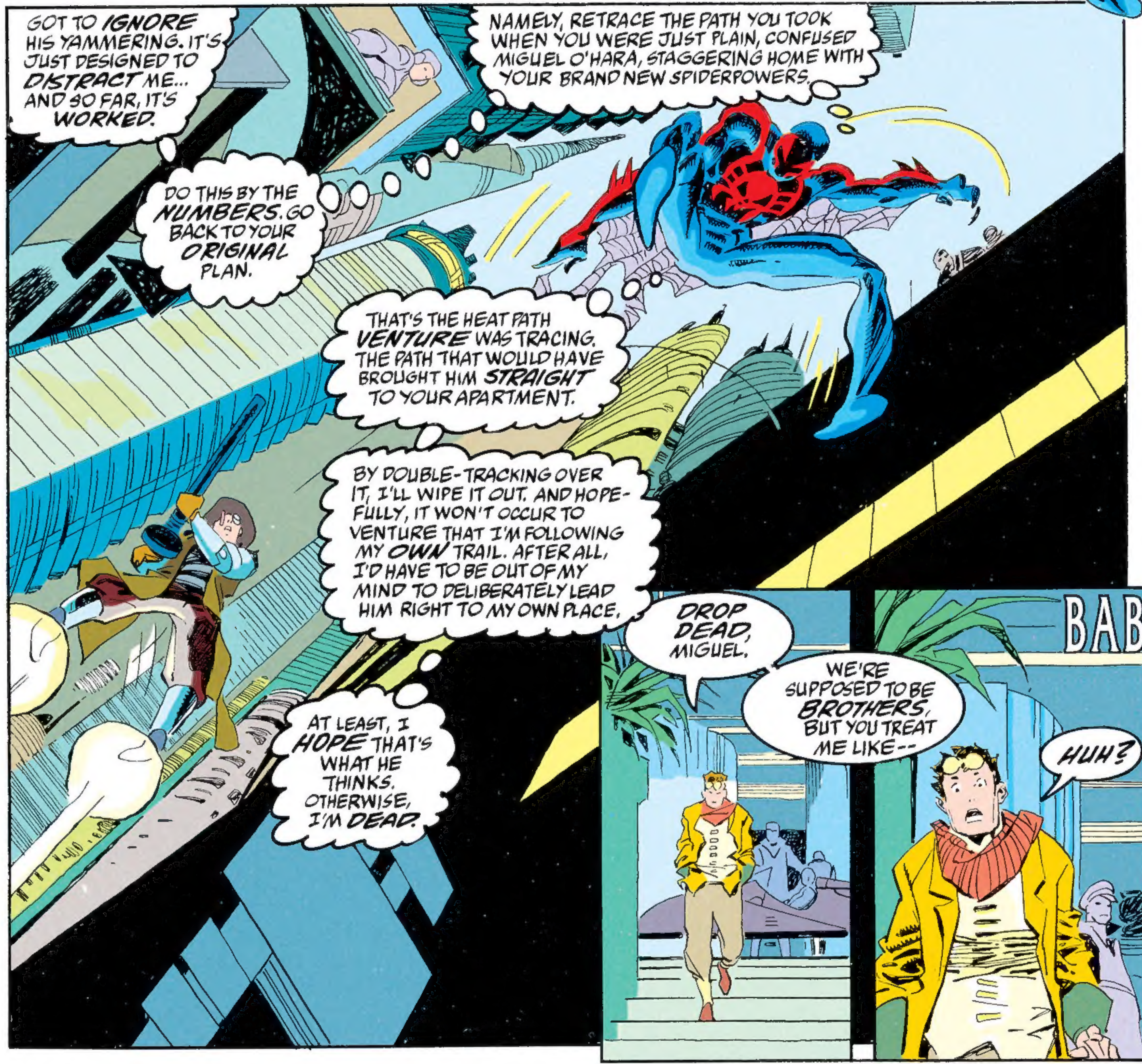
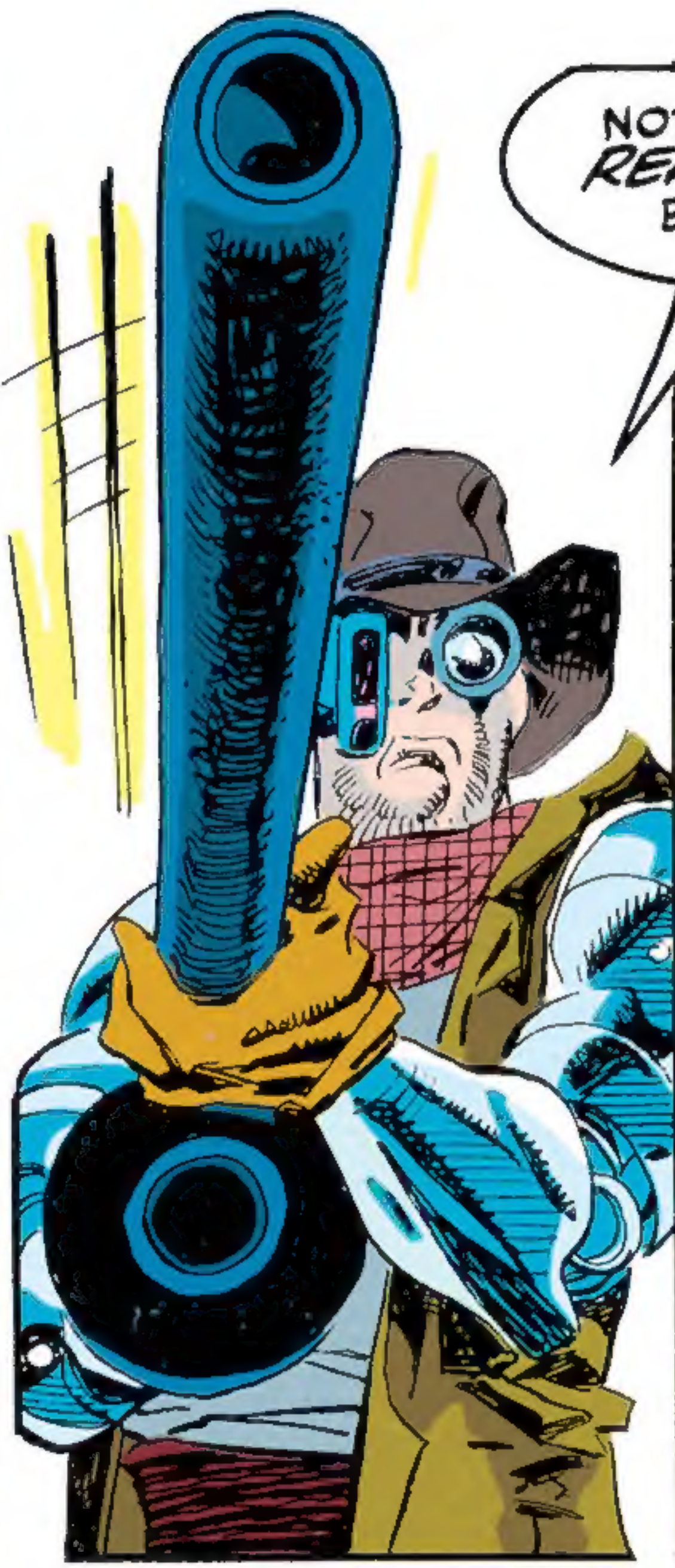
HOW MANY MORE DIE WILL DEPENDENTIRELY ON THE MAN IN BLACK.











GOT TO IGNORE HIS YAMMERING. IT'S JUST DESIGNED TO **DISTRACT** ME... AND SO FAR, IT'S **WORKED**.

DO THIS BY THE **NUMBERS**. GO BACK TO YOUR **ORIGINAL PLAN**.

NAMELY, RETRACE THE PATH YOU TOOK WHEN YOU WERE JUST PLAIN, CONFUSED MIGUEL O'HARA, STAGGERING HOME WITH YOUR BRAND NEW SPIDERPOWERS.

THAT'S THE **HEAT PATH VENTURE** WAS TRACING. THE PATH THAT WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM **STRAIGHT** TO YOUR APARTMENT.

BY DOUBLE-TRACKING OVER IT, I'LL WIPE IT OUT. AND HOPEFULLY, IT WON'T OCCUR TO VENTURE THAT I'M FOLLOWING MY **OWN** TRAIL. AFTER ALL, I'D HAVE TO BE OUT OF MY MIND TO DELIBERATELY LEAD HIM RIGHT TO MY OWN PLACE.

AT LEAST, I **HOPE** THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS. OTHERWISE, I'M **DEAD**.

**DROP DEAD, MIGUEL,**

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE **BROTHERS**, BUT YOU TREAT ME LIKE --

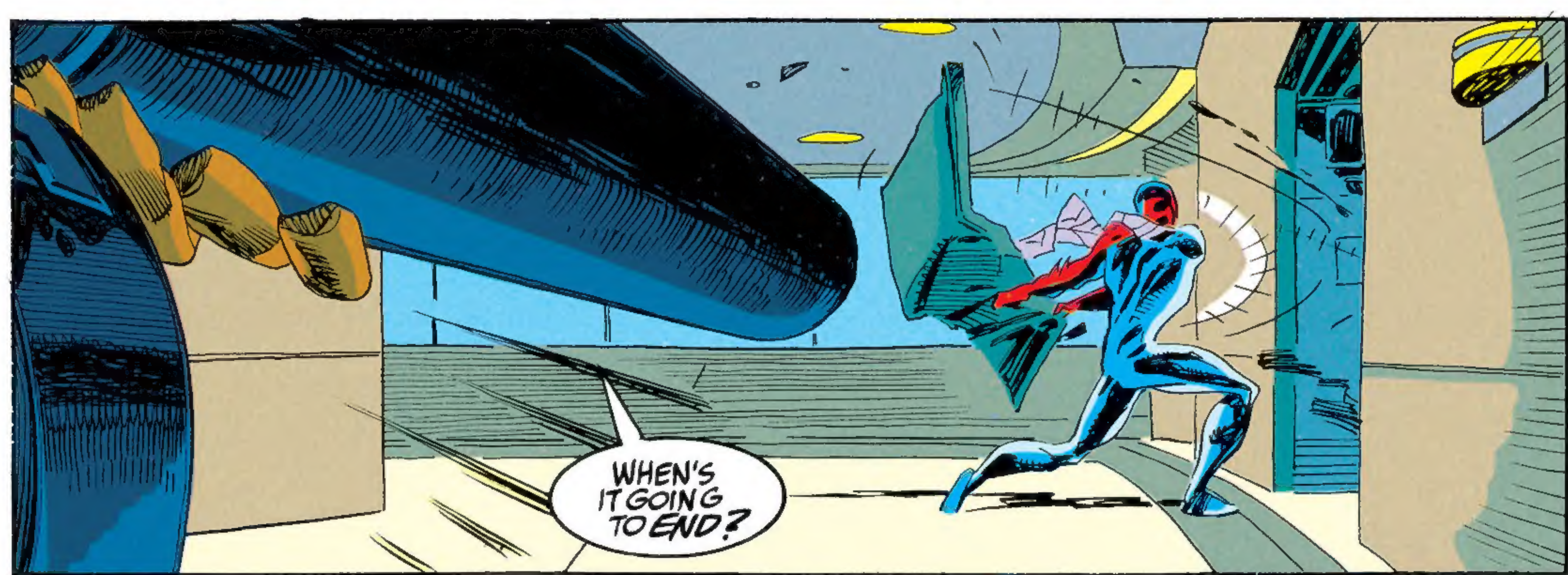
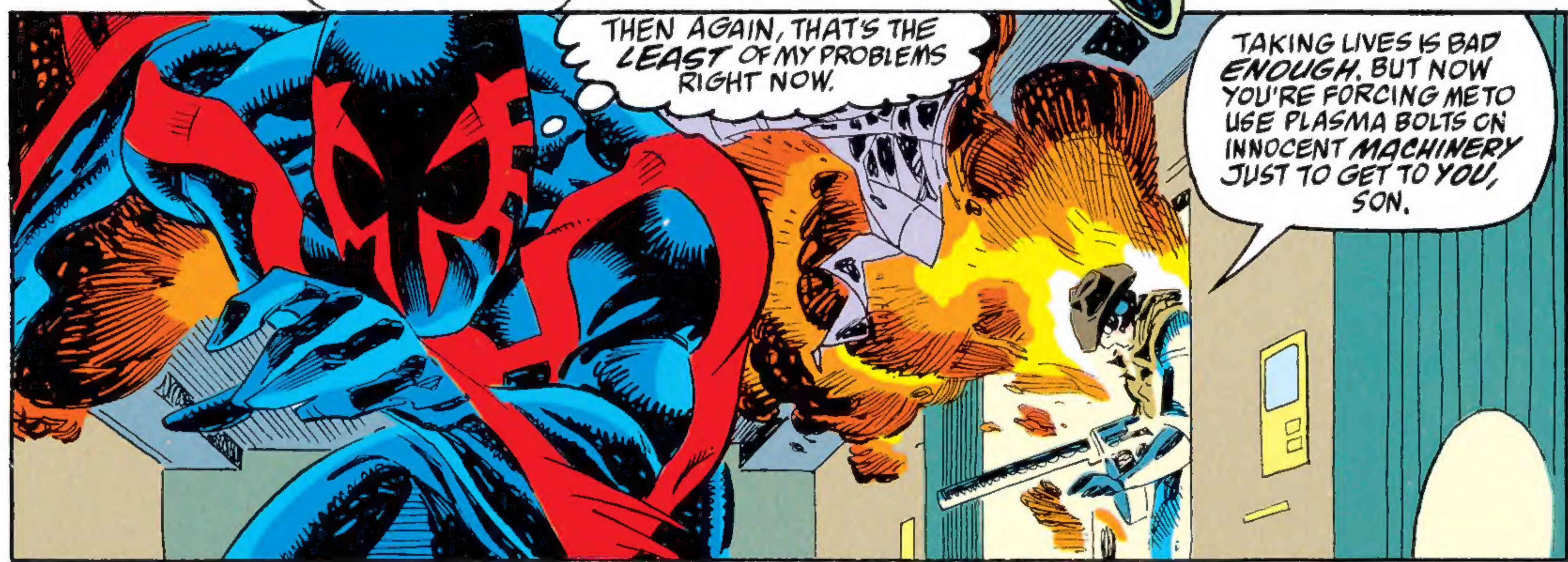
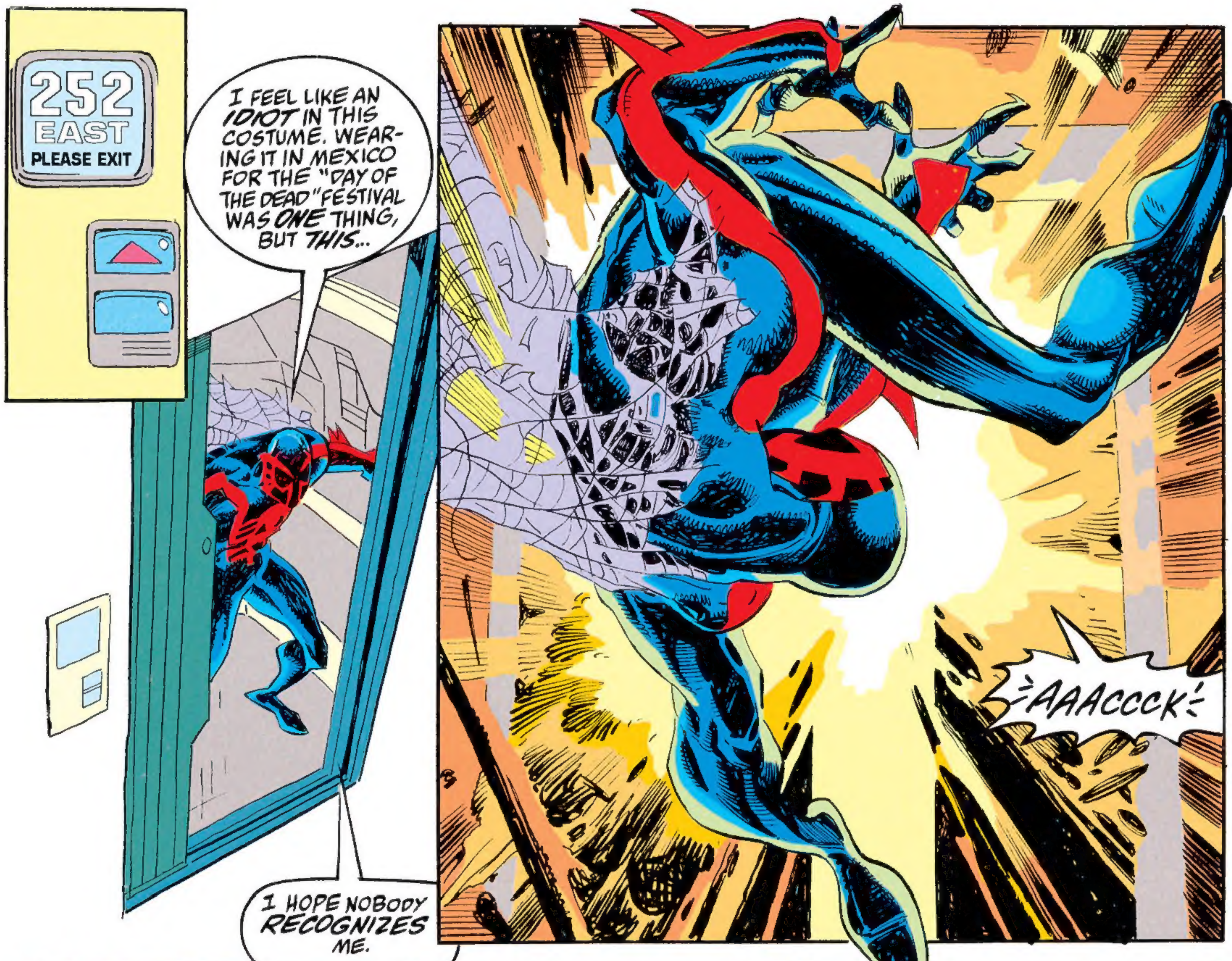
**HUH?**

**BAB**













HELLO, MIGUEL.  
YOU'RE HOME  
EARLY.  
YOU HAVE  
TWO CALLS  
FROM--  
NOT  
NOW!



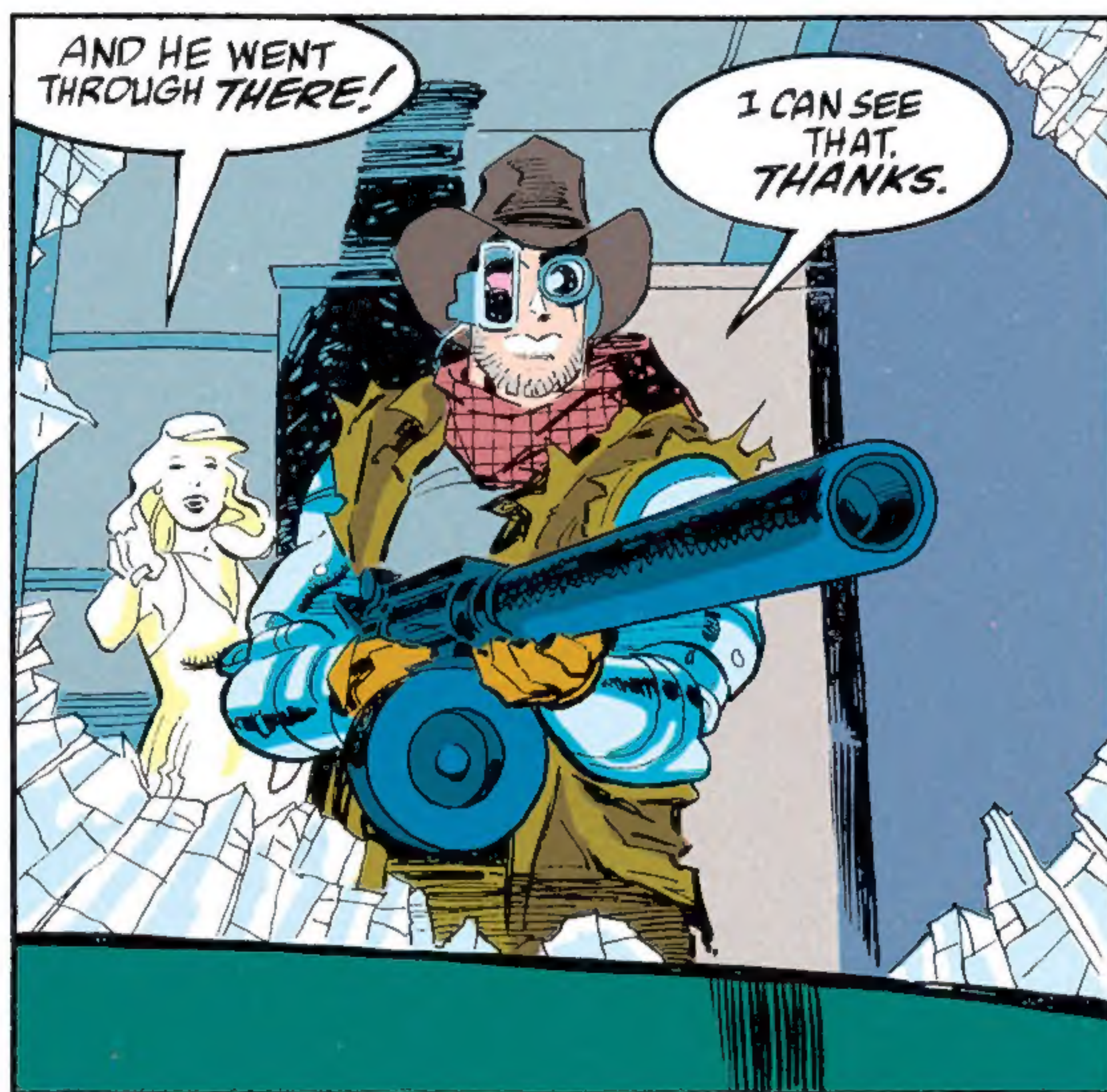
LYLA, LISTEN! I WANT YOU  
TO POINT RIGHT THERE AND  
REPEAT AFTER ME:

"THERE WAS A  
HORRIBLE MAN IN  
BLACK! AND HE  
WENT THROUGH  
THERE!"

OKAY,  
LYLA?  
GOOD  
GIRL!



THERE WAS A  
HORRIBLE MAN  
IN BLACK!



AND HE WENT  
THROUGH THERE!

I CAN SEE  
THAT.  
THANKS.



OKAY,  
LYLA?

GOOD  
GIRL!

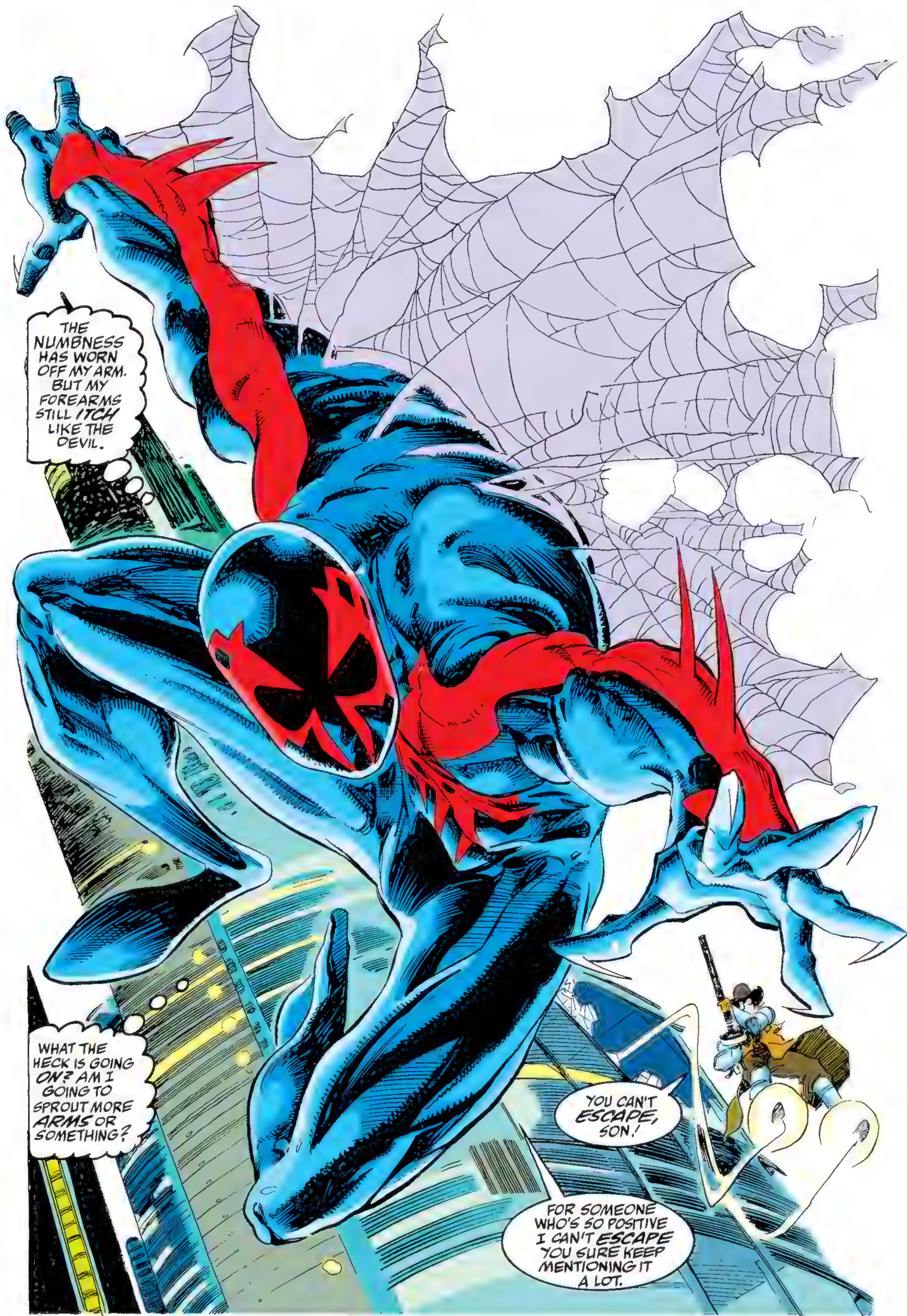


HOLEEE  
SHOCK.

THEY BOTH  
WENT RIGHT  
UP THE  
ELEVATOR  
SHAFT.

GOTTA GET UP  
TO MIGUEL'S  
PLACE... FAST!





THE  
NUMBNESS  
HAS WORN  
OFF MY ARM.  
BUT MY  
FOREARMS  
STILL *ITCH*  
LIKE THE  
DEVIL.

WHAT THE  
HECK IS GOING  
*ON*? AM I  
GOING TO  
SPROUT MORE  
ARMS OR  
SOMETHING?

YOU CAN'T  
*ESCAPE*,  
SON!

FOR SOMEONE  
WHO'S SO POSITIVE  
I CAN'T *ESCAPE*  
YOU SURE KEEP  
MENTIONING IT  
A LOT.

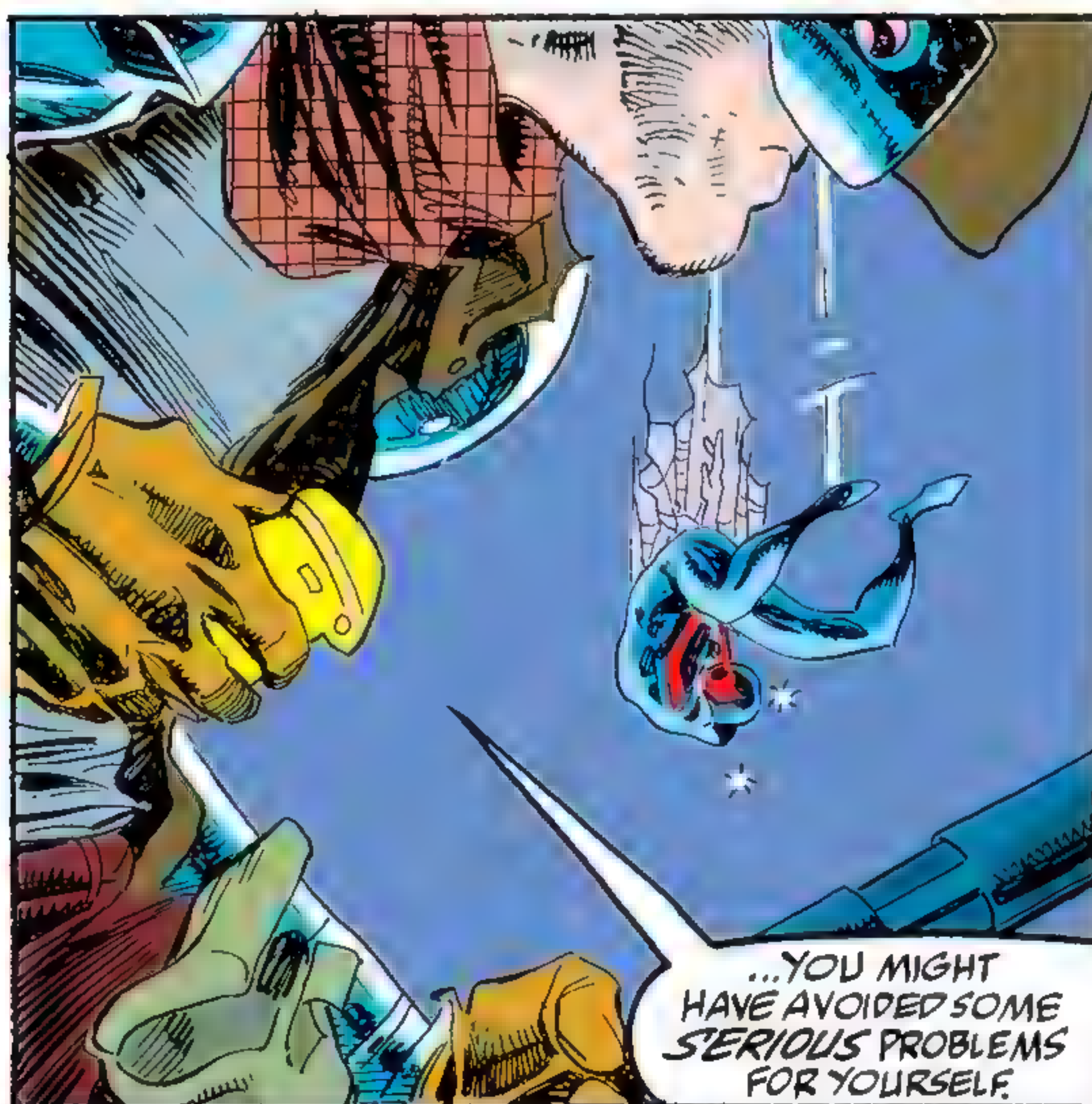




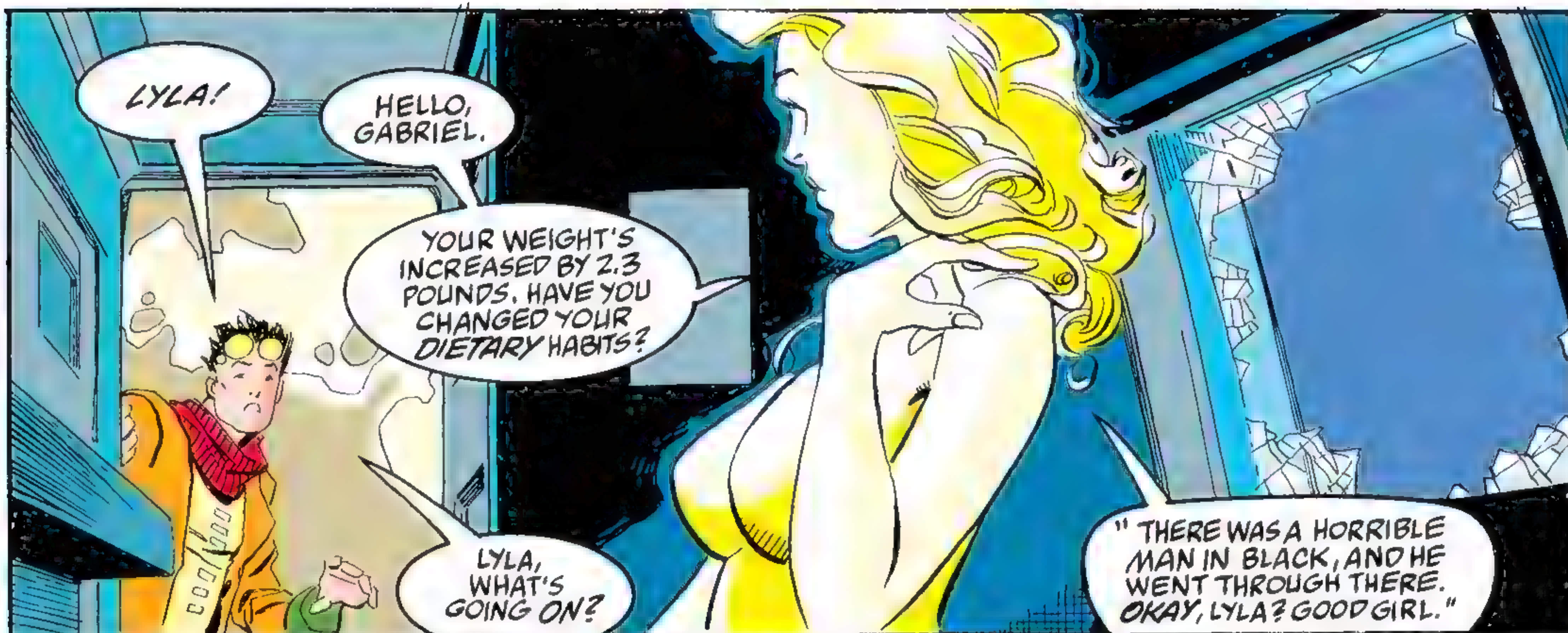




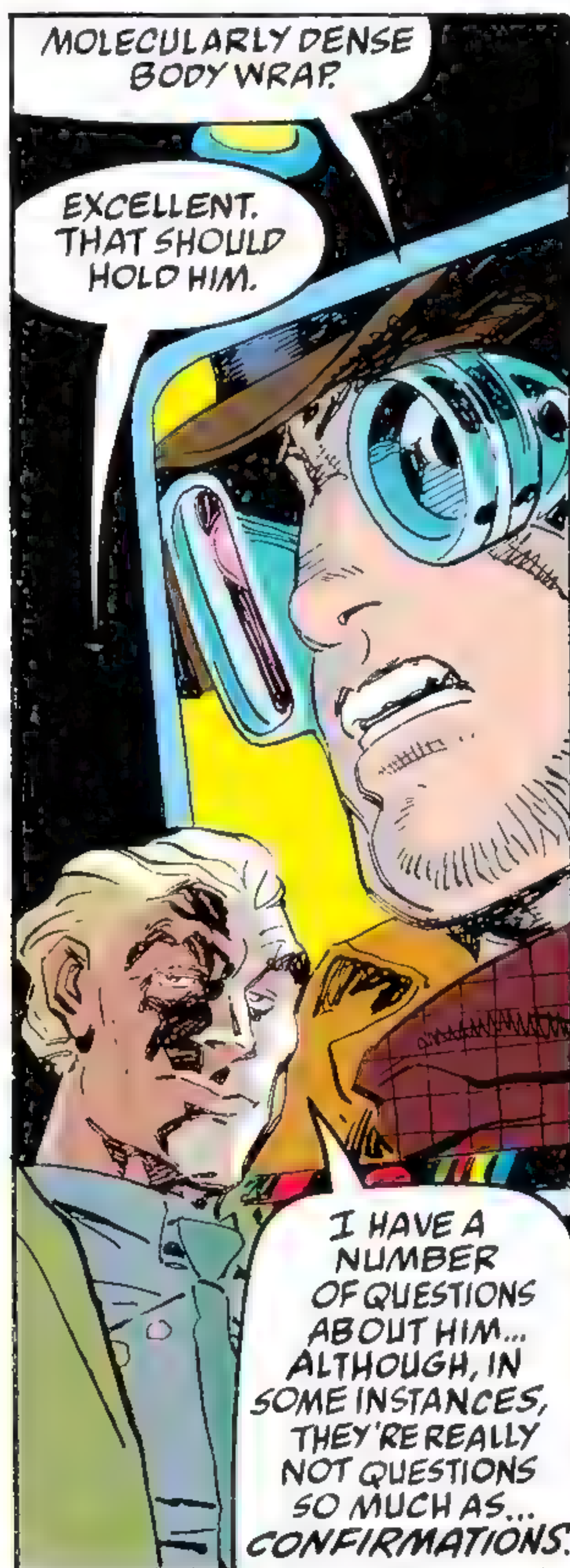
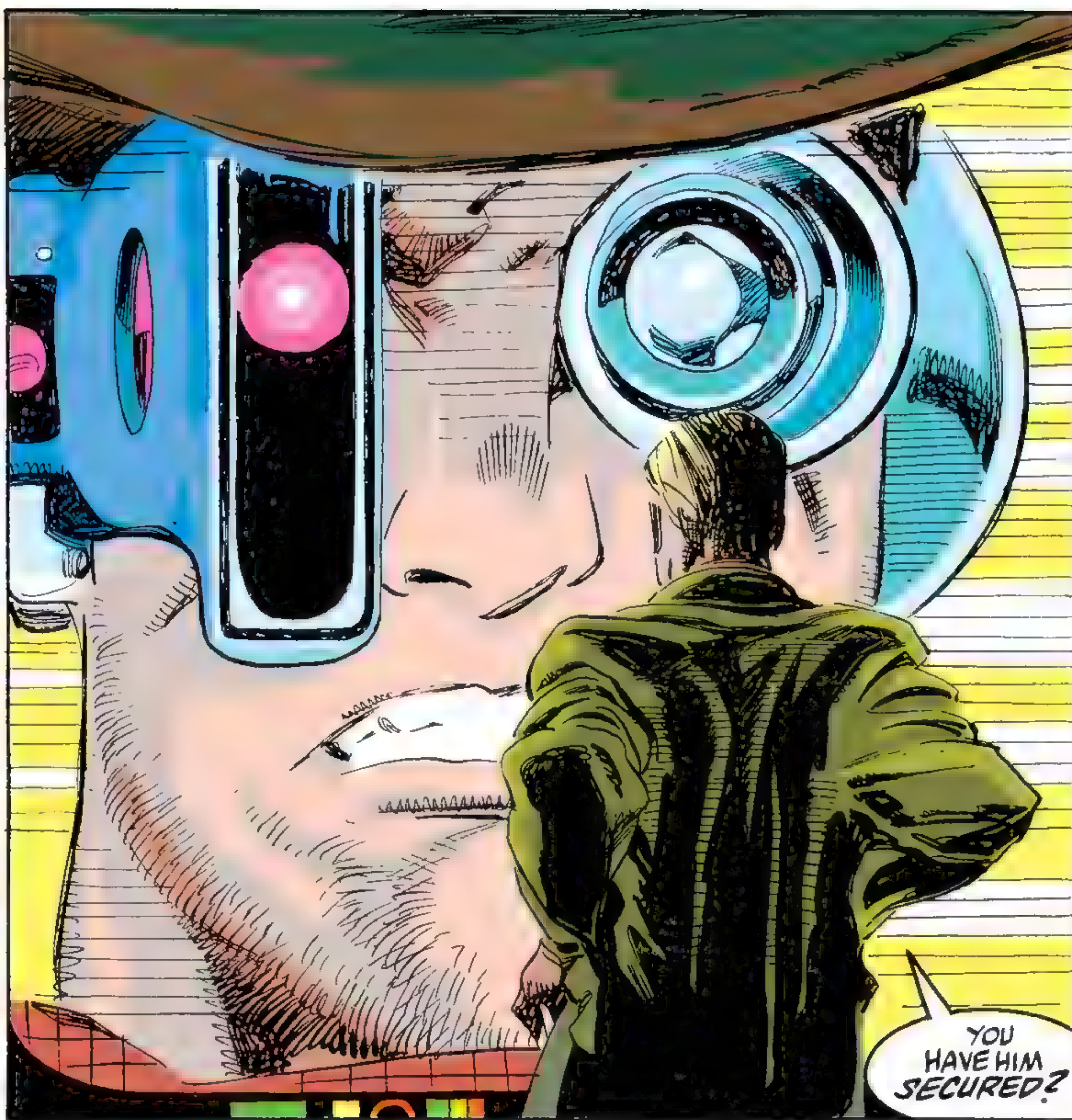
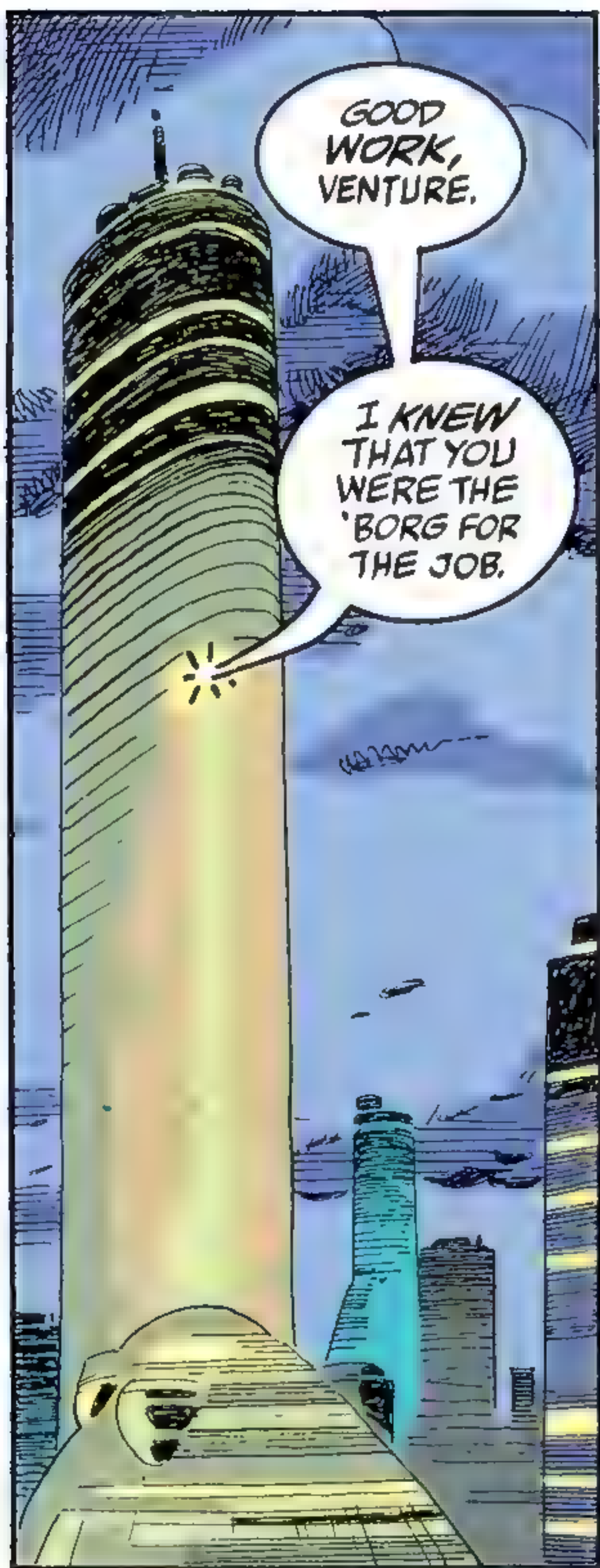




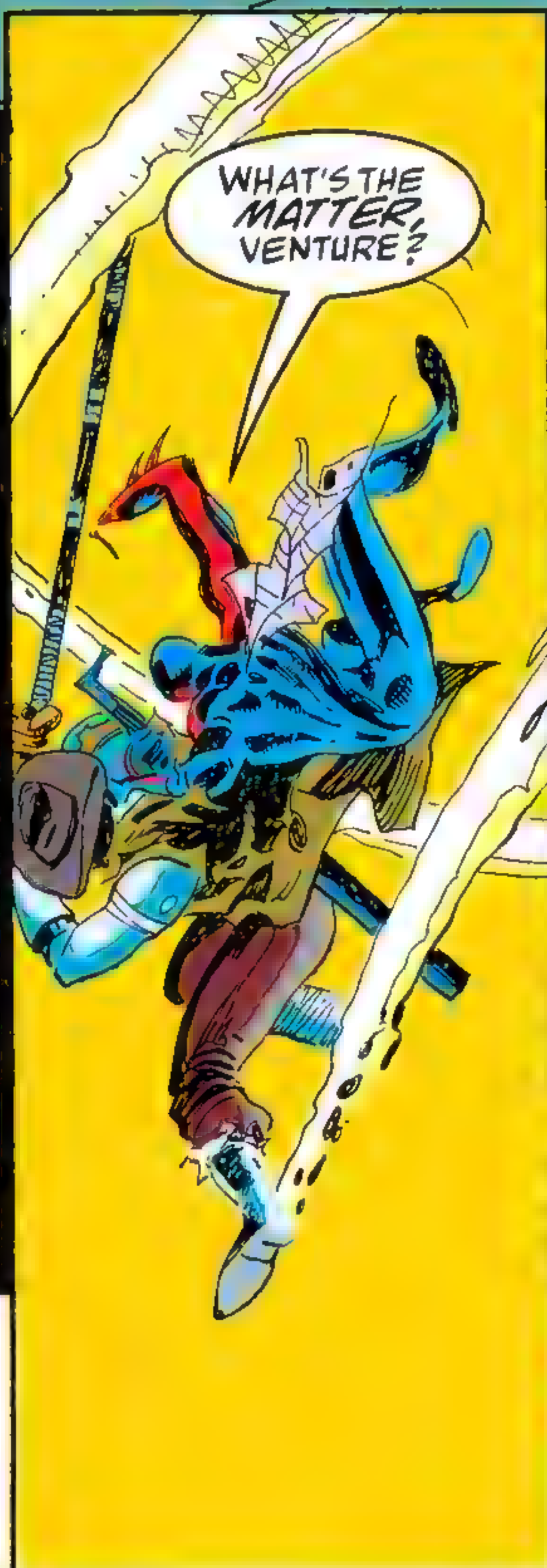
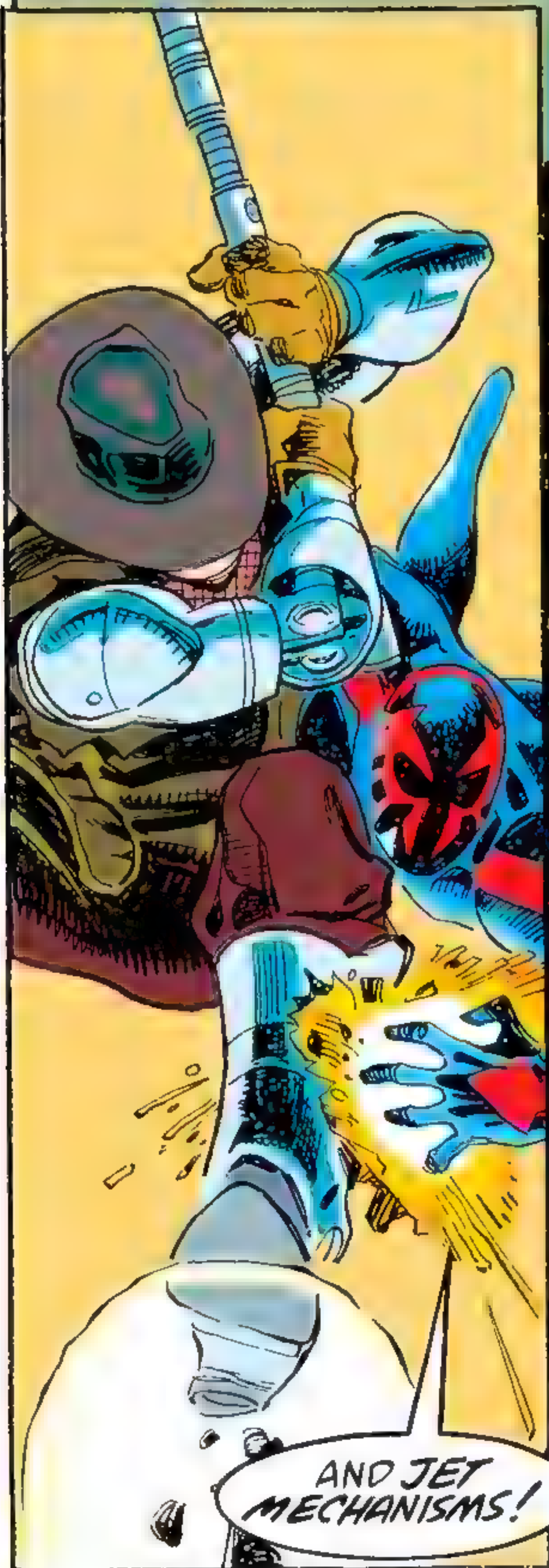
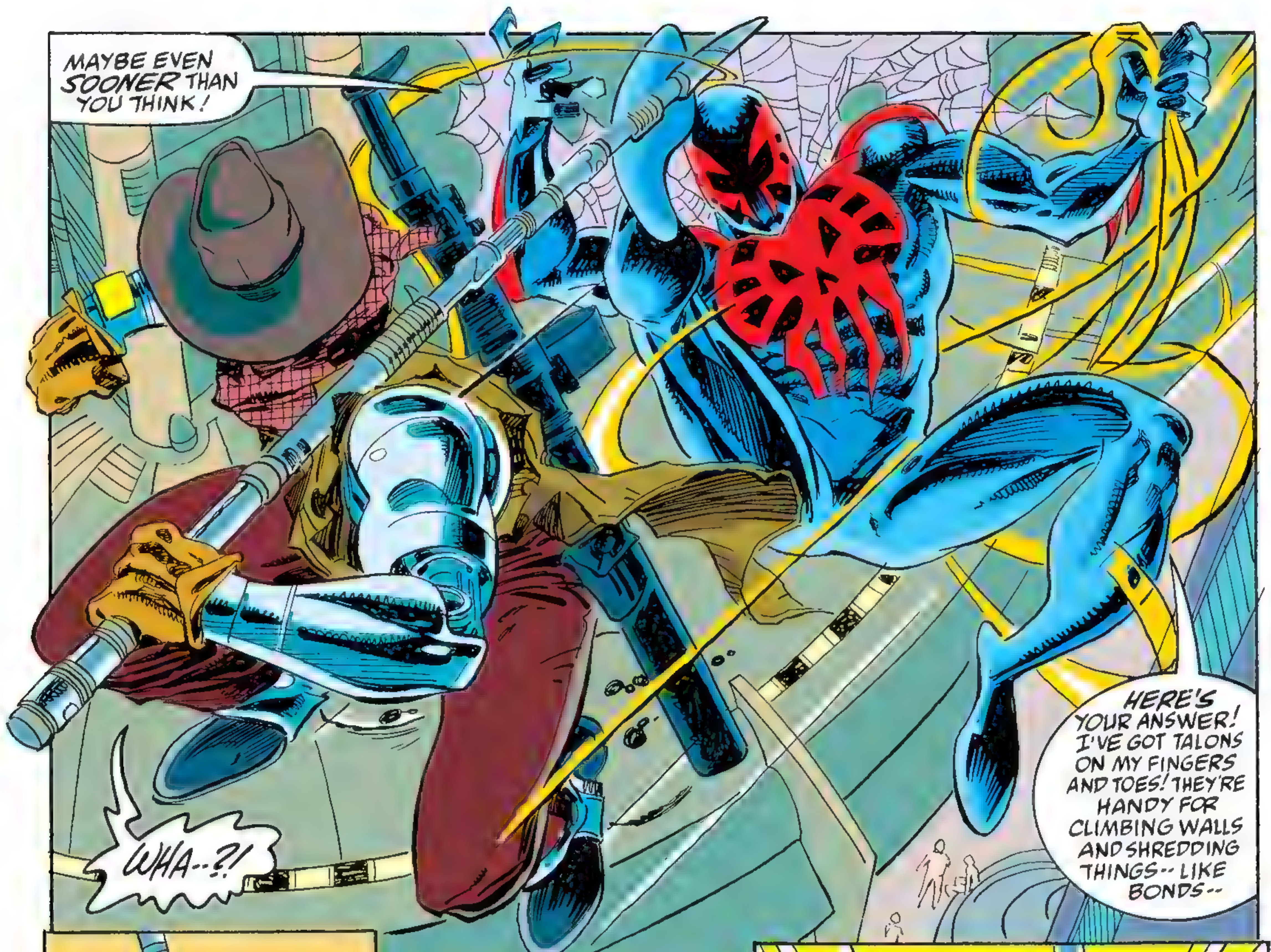




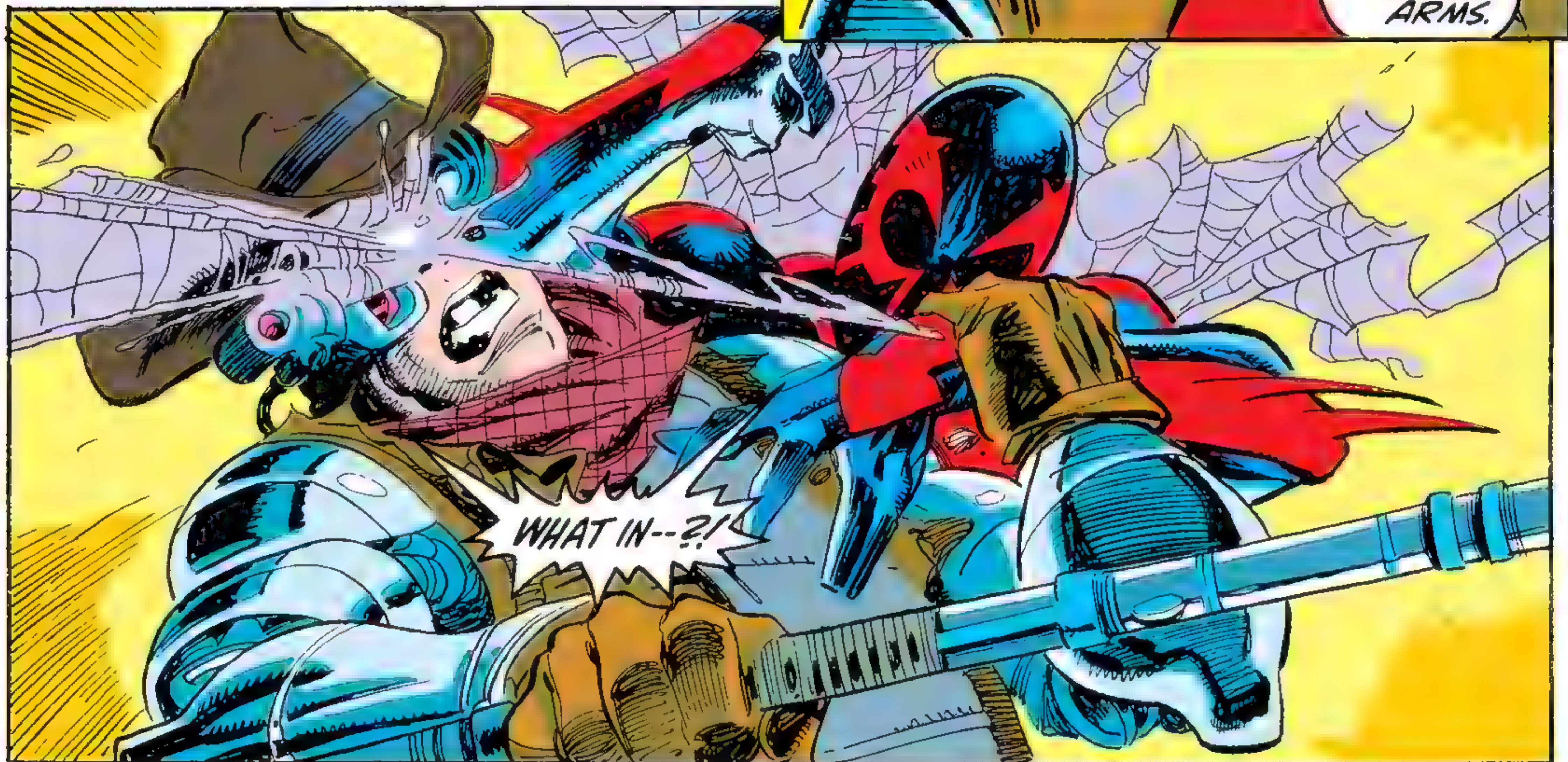
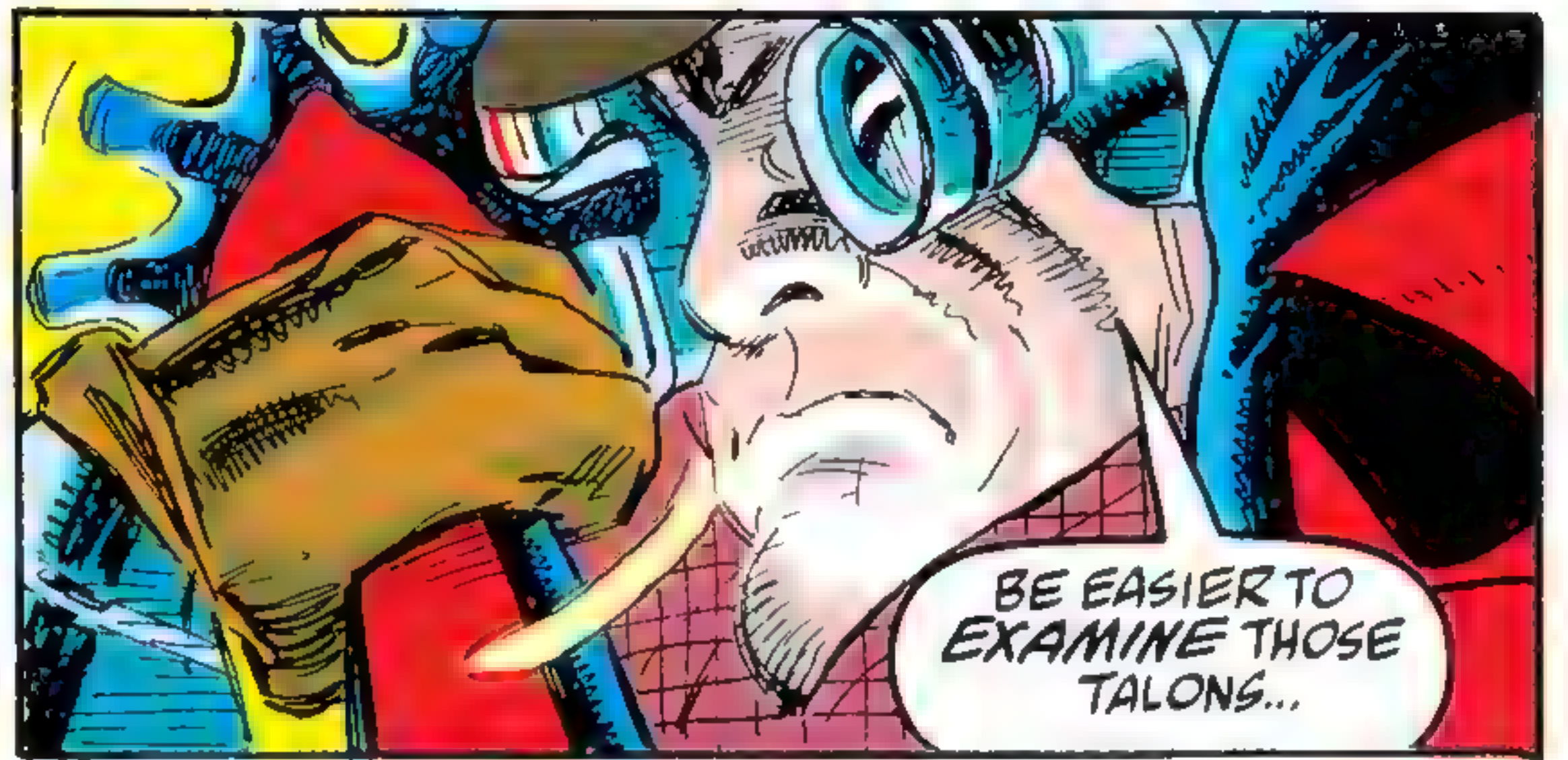




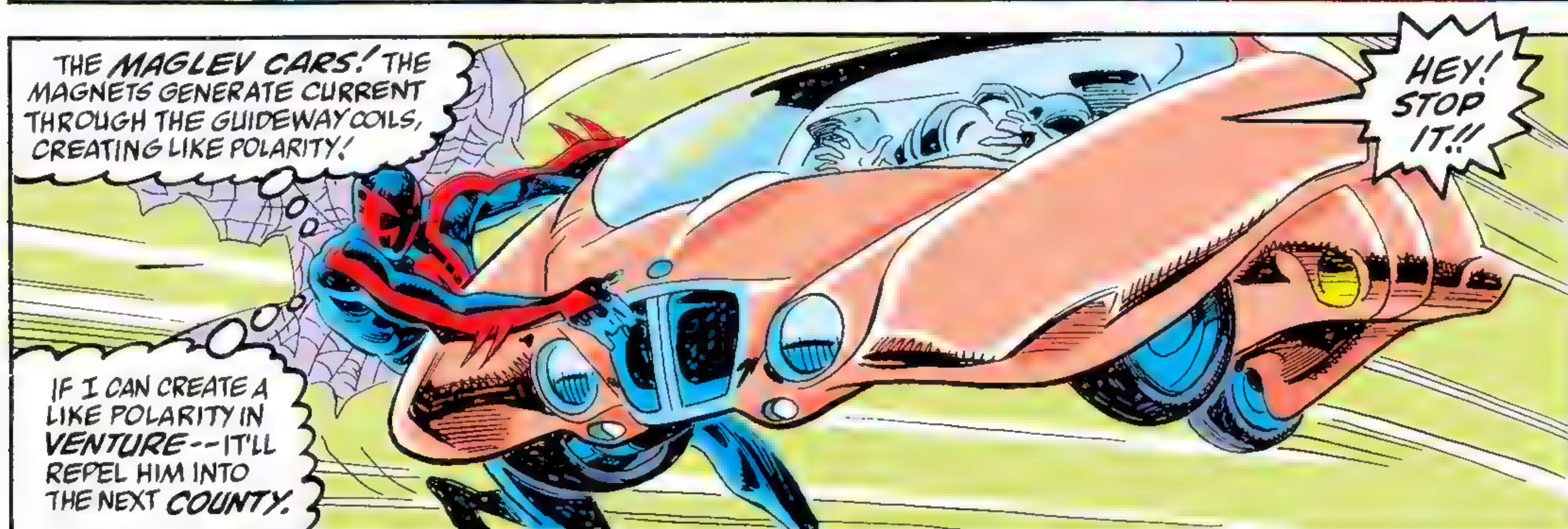
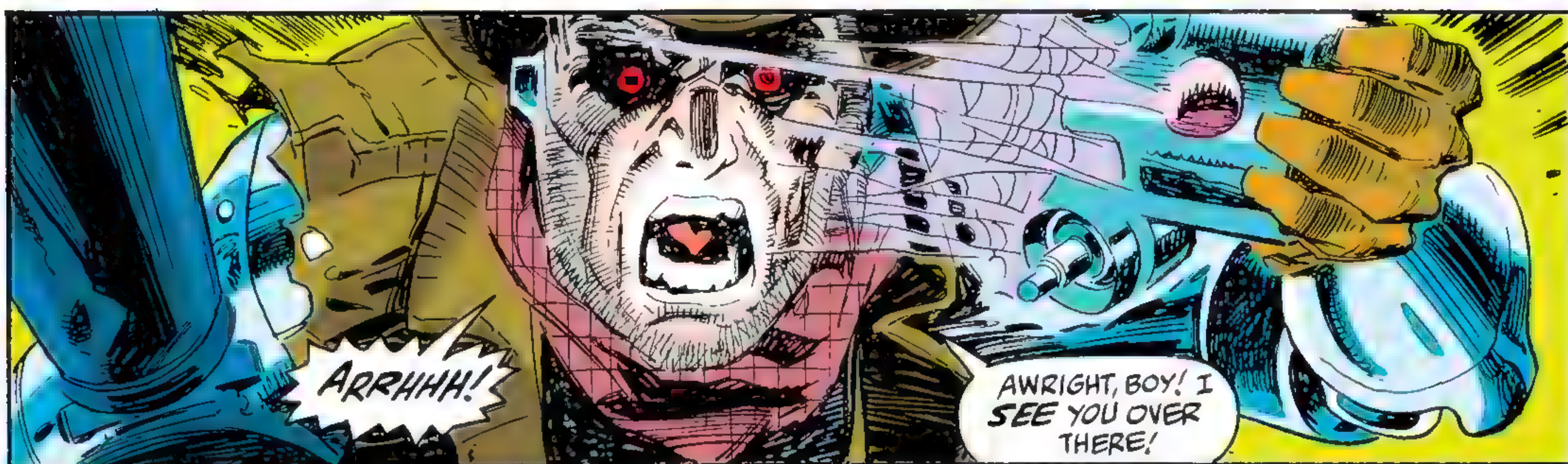
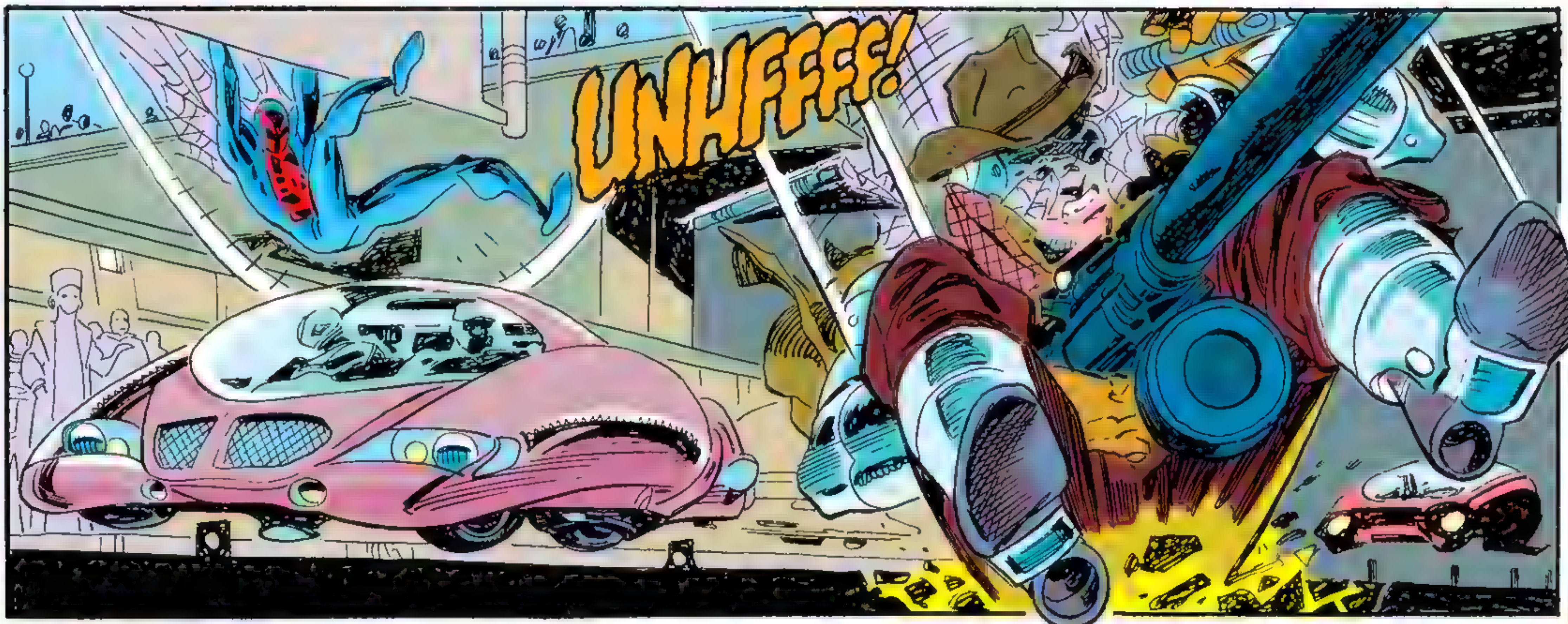




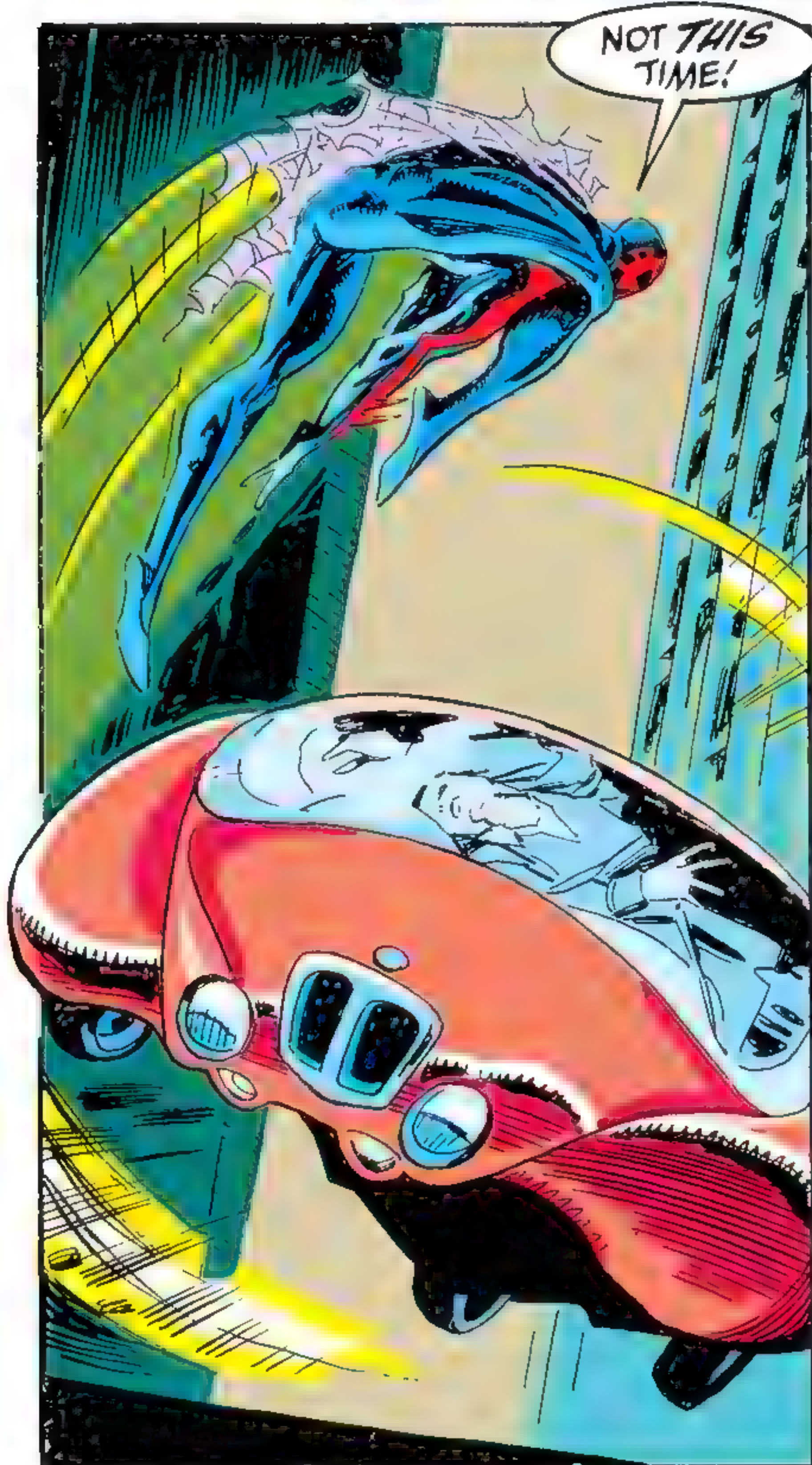
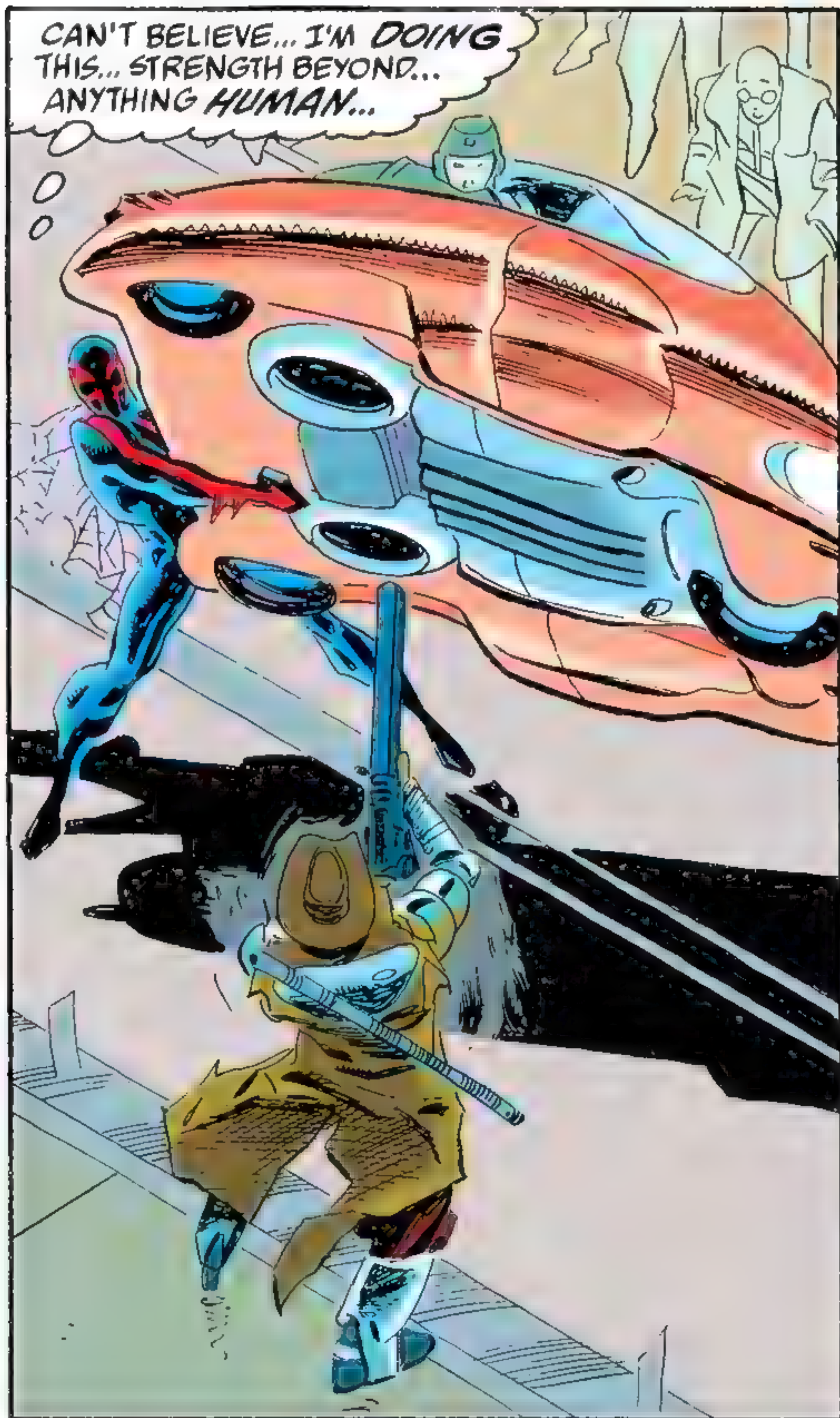




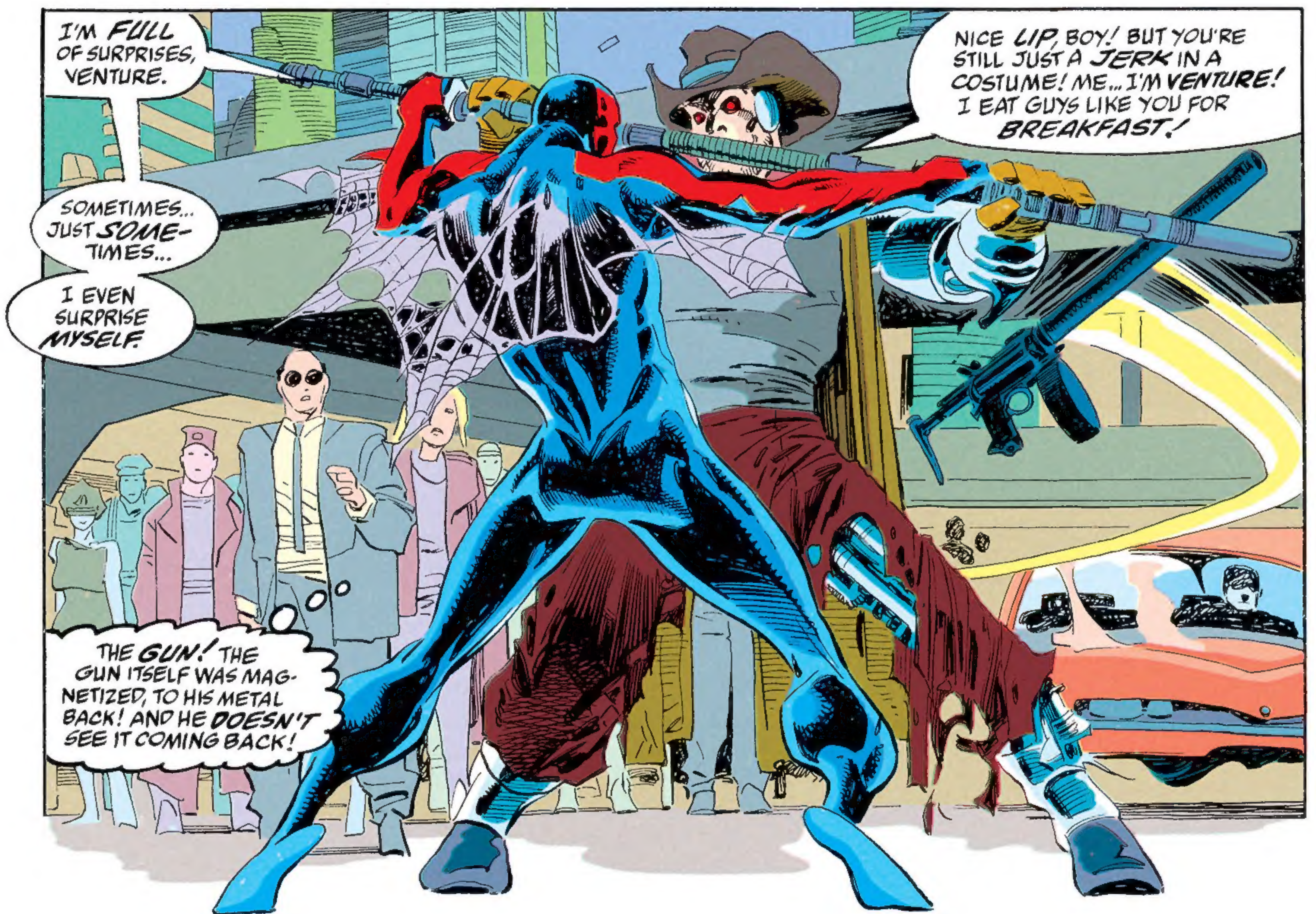




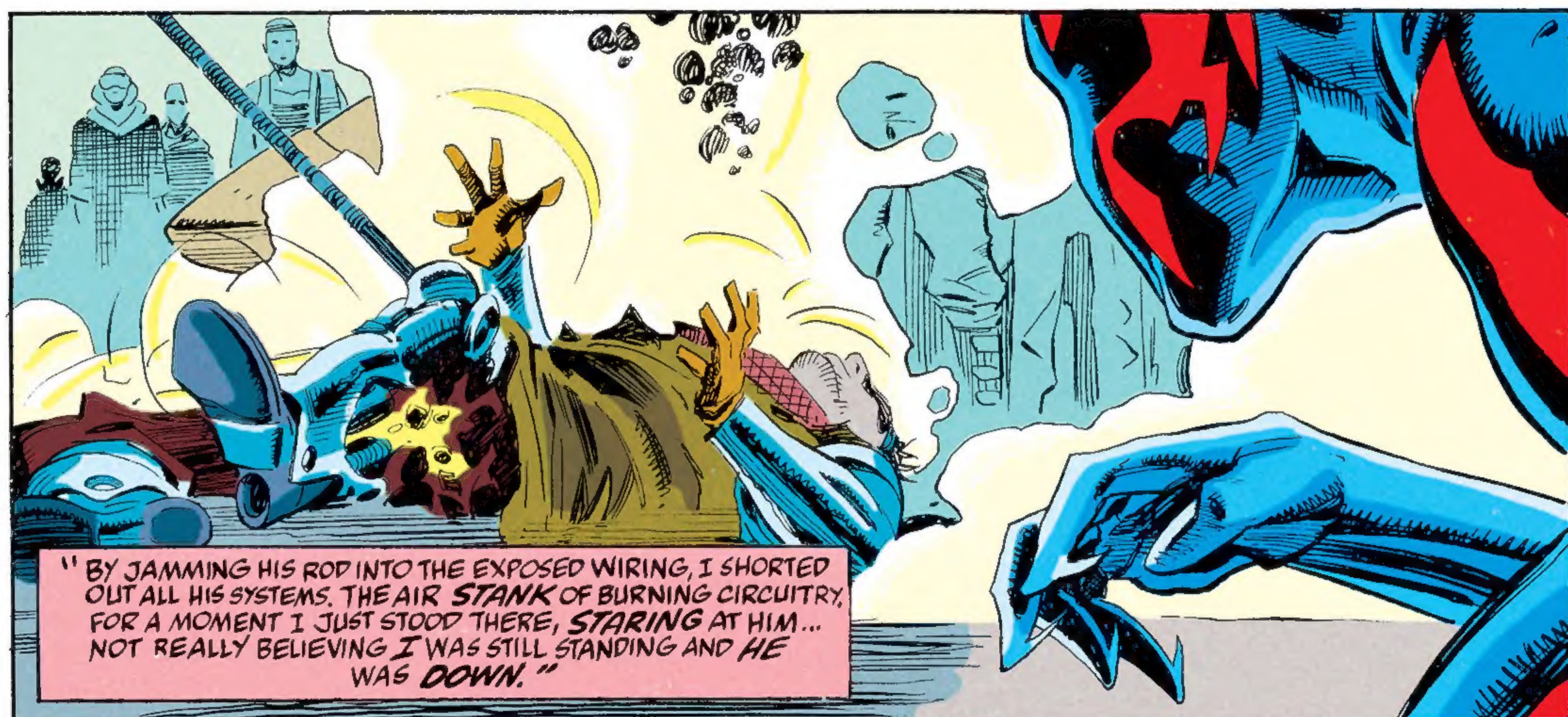
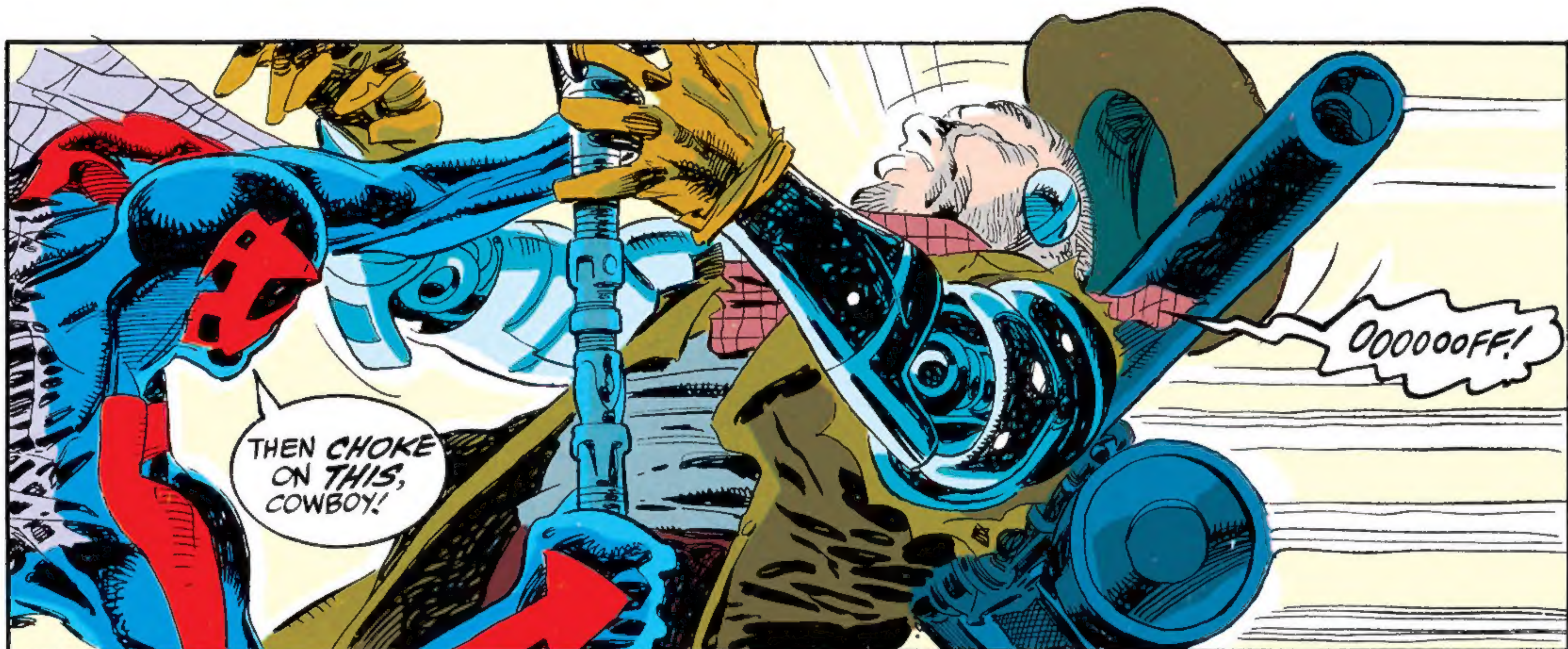




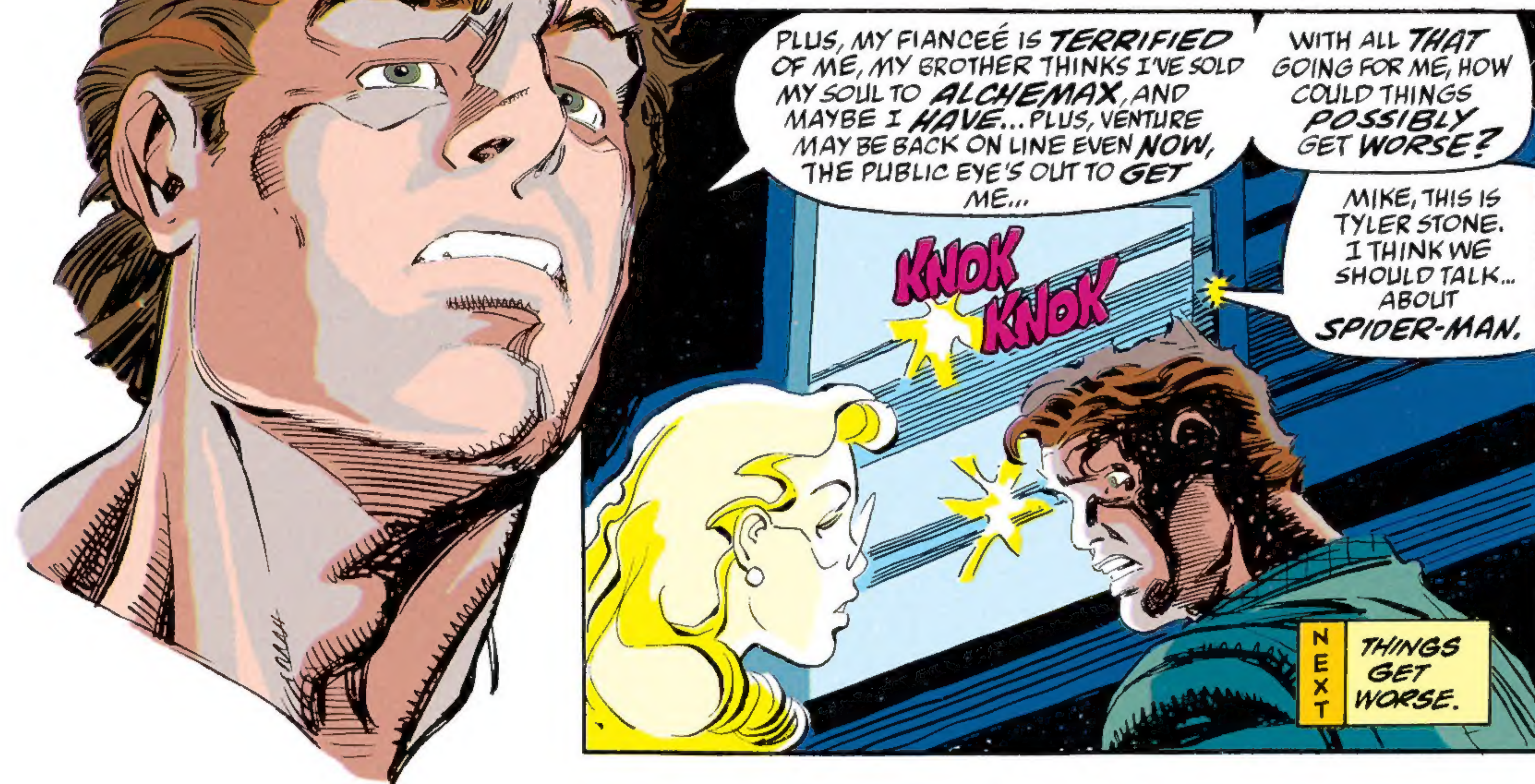
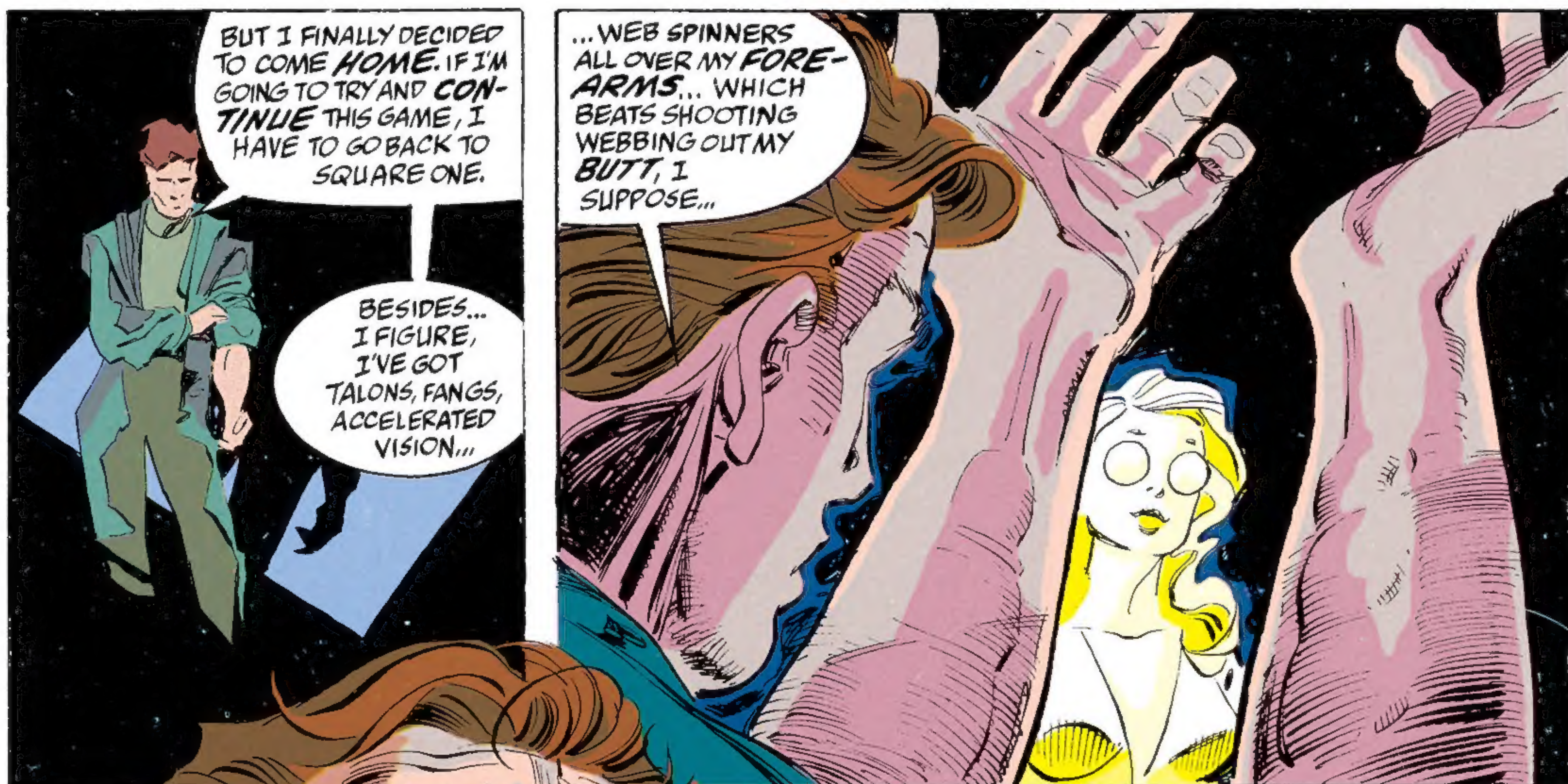
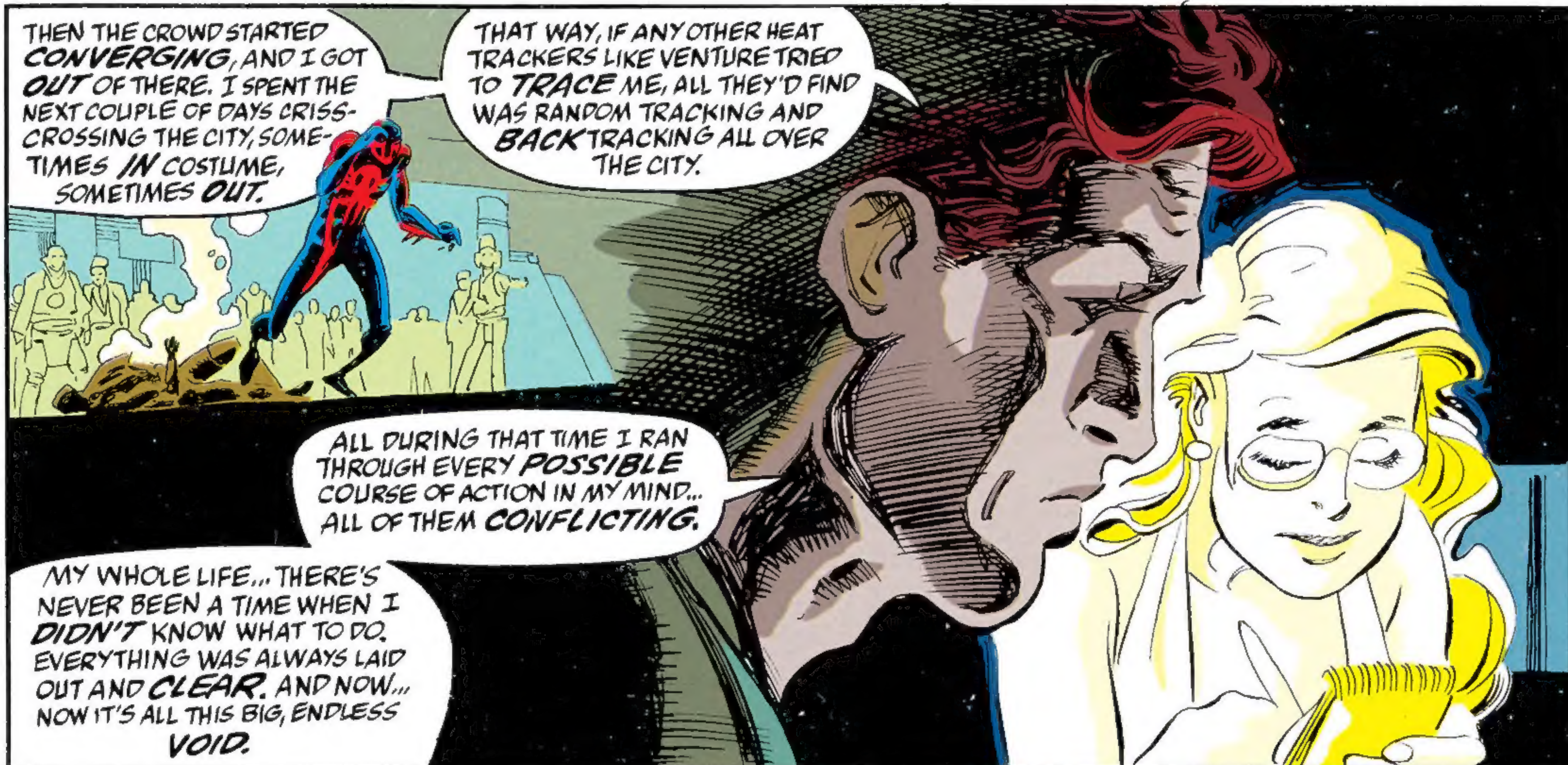
















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